

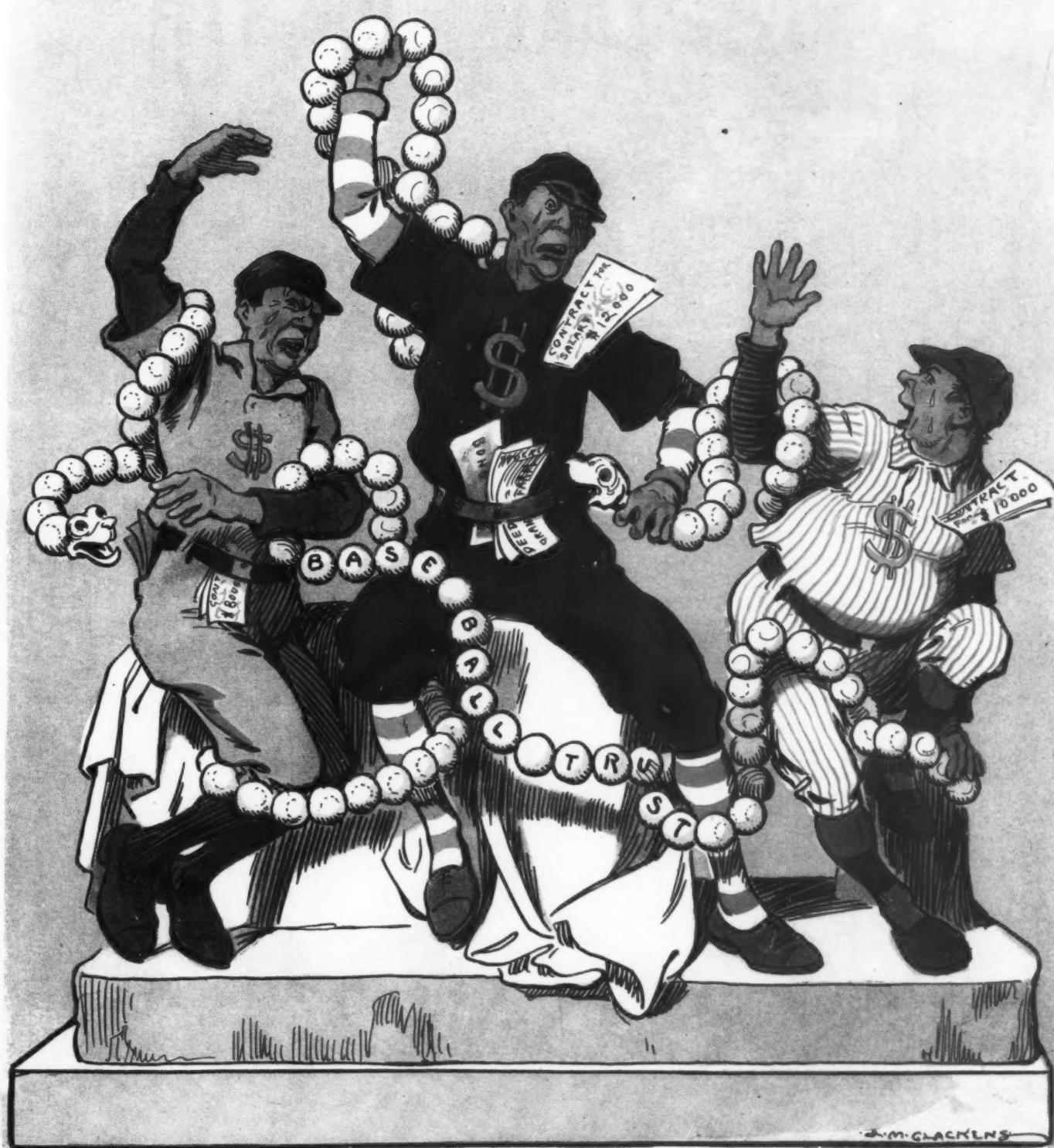
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Puck



THE BASE-BALL LAOCOON.

No class of labor feels the grip of grinding monopoly more than our underpaid, overworked ball-players.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

**DOWN WITH THE
BASE-BALL TRUST.**

PERMIT us to suggest to the "uplift" workers and social reformers of the U. S. A. that they are overlooking a great opportunity. It is all very well to inquire into the affairs of the Pittsburgh steel laborers, and equally is it well to turn the light of publicity on conditions in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where the Wool Trust holds royal sway; but cruelest of all monopolies, we have lately learned, is the Base-ball Trust, and about the welfare of labor in that gigantic industry uplift workers and social reformers seem not a whit concerned. Why is this? It cannot be because the uplift forces have never heard of the Base-ball Trust. Its doings are spread out in the public prints every day. Is it because—horrid thought!—that the best part of the public are so fond of the national game that they are indifferent to the conditions under which the workers exist? Are they like the hardened citizens of decadent Rome, caring nothing what becomes of the unfortunate men in the arena so long as they themselves are amused? It cannot be, and yet seemingly it is. Otherwise, there would be indignation and action, not indifference and apathy. The sympathetic hearts which beat, and the sympathetic souls which feel, for the little child in the cannery factory, or the widowed mother struggling in the sweatshop to support a family, are strangely unmoved by the spectacle of the down-trodden professional ball-player.

Let us lift up our voice and beseech them to look his way, to heed his cry. He is the most unfortunate of all laborers. In other lines of work, in brick making

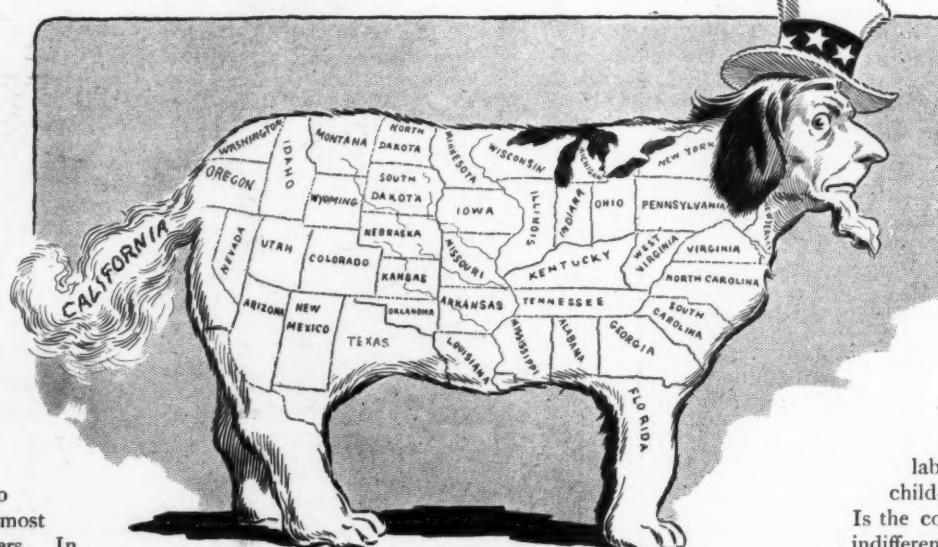
or pants making, in glass-blowing or tending looms, a man may labor till his hair is gray. He may even reach the Biblical age-limit of three-score and ten and yet be on the job. But with the professional base-ball player it is different. He is a "veteran" at thirty. If by chance he hangs on until he is thirty-five, the papers speak of him as an old man, broken and deserving of pity. Broken, a hopeless wreck at thirty-five, the juice of life squeezed out of him, he is thrown on the scrap-heap when his age is but half of man's Biblical allotment!

Talk about BEN LINDSEY'S Beast in the Jungle! Judge LINDSEY's beast is an Angora kitten compared with the Brute of Organized Base-ball. The Base-ball Trust catches its prey when young and unsuspecting. It offers them what appear to be attractive inducements, and then, after they have signed up, it puts the screws on them. It makes them work in the hottest weather, sometimes as much as two hours a day. Pitchers especially have a hard time, frequently being called upon to work two-days,

or four hours, a week. Sometimes a ball-player has the sun directly in his eyes, possibly to the permanent injury of his vision. His throat, through continuous crying of "Work hard!" and "Now you're pitching!" becomes sensitive and sore. His nerves are on edge. His hands suffer the crudest torture, the Trust's brutal rules permitting a padded glove on one hand only, and limiting mitts to the catcher and first-baseball. An idea of the Base-ball Trust's slave-driving methods may be had from the fact that the players wear out at thirty-five or sooner, even though they work but six months each year. Two hours' work a day, rainy days excluded, week in and week out for six long months, is enough to break any man. Besides, ball-players are not allowed to sit down at their task. They have no comfortable work-bench; no cosy shop. They are obliged to keep moving in the open air, often under the cruel rays of a relentless sun. What is more, they are never long in one place, no matter how much they might like to be. Their masters, the Magnates, chase them around the country from city to city, a thousand miles at a clip, and everybody who has ridden in one knows how hot and stuffy a Pullman sleeper is in summer.

Are we living in the Middle Ages that such conditions should go unchallenged? For all this, for all the risk he takes and all the work he does, the professional player in the Big Leagues is sometimes paid as little as \$3,000, which is at the rate of only \$120 a week, for six months' hard labor. What is the issue of child-labor compared with this?

Is the country to sit dormant and indifferent, heedless of these hapless serfs? Humanity forbid!





AN EXTRA INNING.

SEASONAL SONG.



HEN winter brings its snow,
And school-boys con their speller,
And fires are all aglow,—
Sing ho! the warm rathskeller!
But when the city dweller
His flannels is discardin'
This slogan sounds much sweller,—
"Sing hey! the summer garden!"

When theatres all show
Their new attractions stellar,
And furs are quite the go,—
Sing ho! the warm rathskeller!
But when to every "feller"
Each girl's a Dolly Varden,
Nix on the stuffy cellar,—
Sing hey! the summer garden!

When coal-bills swiftly grow
(There's nothing that is "schneller"),
And mercury drops low,—
Sing ho! the warm rathskeller!
But when the heat's a heller
(I humbly crave your pardon),
And moonlight grows more "meller,"—
Sing hey! the summer garden!

ENVOY.

So, when the chill winds beller
Sing ho! the warm rathskeller!
But when June brings us Arden
Sing hey! the summer garden!

Berton Braley.

EVEN Wisdom herself will never be able to learn as much as Folly thinks it knows.

On the broad highway of the road to success there is a universal demand for real rapid transit.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

A LETHA (blushingly).—Now don't, Mr. Dusnap! I know little Ferdinand is watching at the keyhole.
DUSNAP.—Well, let's gratify his curiosity, and then he may go away.

"SLOW RISES WORTH."

I SAACSTEIN.—Dot gousin of mine vot game to dis gountry fourteen months ago is sellin' shoe-laces undt gollar-buttons undt such t'ings.

COHENSTEIN.—Vot? Fourteen months in der gountry undt he aind't operatin' in real-estate yet?

ON THE OLD MAN.

O LD GOTROX (savagely).—So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?

YOUNG SOFTLY (slightly embarrassed).—I—I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir.

LITERAL, BUT SLANGY.

WILL some little-scholar please tell what happened after the Children of Israel had marched seven days around the walls of Jericho, blowing their horns?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Tommy Taddles, you may answer."

"Please, ma'am," replied Tommy, "they tumbled to the racket."

NO DISAPPOINTMENT.

CITYMAN.—I see you have the larger part of your garden devoted to onions.

SUBURBS.—Yes. Mary and I don't care for onions!

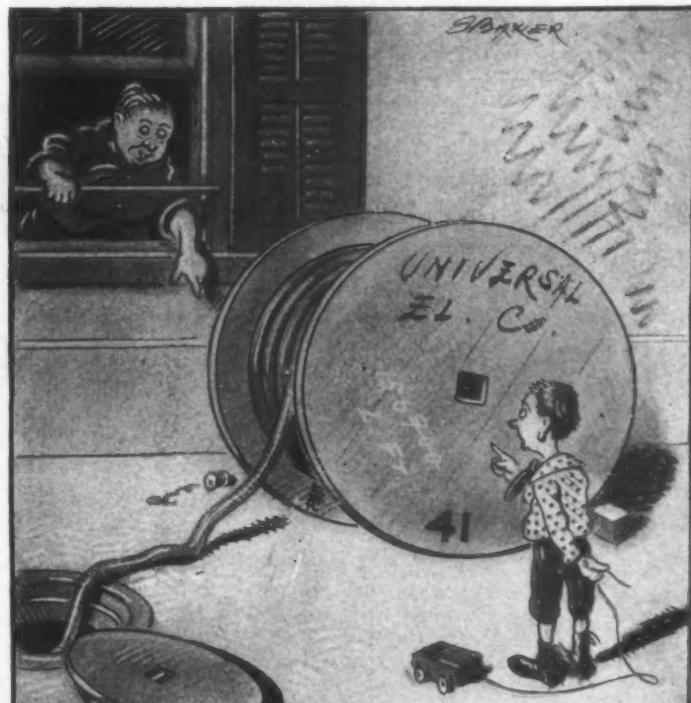
HIS REASON.

TROTTER.—While I was in England I met one nobleman who actually believed in the abolition of the House of Lords.

BLOTTER.—Did you, really?

TROTTER.—Yes. He said it was such a nuisance to go there.

M ANY a good novel has been founded on fact, but many a good newspaper story has foundered on facts.



EASIER THAN IT LOOKED.

MRS. KATZENJAMMER.—Say, Bub! Please pick up my spool.

UTOPIA—A PLACE OF PERFECTION.



SON (*leaving office early*).—Governor, I am going down to the track this afternoon; there will be two or three good races. Won't you come?

FATHER.—No, my boy; I must stay and look after the shop. But here—take this fifty-dollar bill—it may come handy before you get through.

GEORGE (*shaky. Time, 3:30 A.M.*).—My dear, I have been at the club since four o'clock this afternoon. I dined with Skinner, and we played poker. I had six cocktails before dinner and seven whiskies and sodas afterward, and lost a hundred and fifteen dollars.

MARY.—Poor boy! What bad luck you must have had! And what a headache you'll have to-morrow! Come to bed now, and get to sleep. I'll see if I can't get you something in the morning to make you feel better.

OFFICE-BOY.—Mr. Mullion, may I go to the baseball game this afternoon?

MULLION (*banker*).—Certainly, my son! Off with you! It's two o'clock, now. You won't get an inch in the bleachers. Why didn't you speak before? I'd have let you go earlier. As it is, here is a dollar for a seat in the grand-stand:

BOGGLE (*lawyer*).—Mr. Fitum, here is a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. I have charged you two hundred and fifty dollars for my services. I hope you will not think it unreasonable.

FITUM.—Well, Mr. Boggle, you have collected only four hundred dollars, it is true, but then you have had so much trouble with all those complaints and affidavits and things, that I think you deserve most of it.

ETHEL.—Oh, Harry! I have bought such a love of a bonnet—a black feather, a white bird, and such velvet bows! See! Is n't it becoming? And it cost—it is n't cheap—twenty-seven dollars.

HARRY.—Well, my dear, I am glad you like it; and I am sure it looks lovely. I have fifteen dollars left in the bank, and I think I can scramble around and get in the other twelve dollars to-morrow, and I'll put off the rent this month; so I guess we'll be all right. Give me a kiss, dear.

BELATED PEDESTRIAN.—Officer, can I get out to Newlots on this horse-car line?

POLICE OFFICER.—Yes, sir. These cars run as far as Bashore Avenue, when you will get the cable-road to Newlots. It is now half-past one, and there ought to be a car along in five minutes if you wait here.

PROBABLY.

JONES (*just introduced*).—I suppose you don't remember me, but I was once a witness against your side in a certain trial, and I remember that you cross-examined me with the greatest courtesy.

THE LAWYER.—Is that so? Perhaps your testimony was not material.

EXPLANATORY

OLD ISAACS (*entering unannounced*).—Wat you mean py holting mine daughter in your lap—hey?

YOUNG ROSENBAUM.—Vell, her mutter said she vas worth her weight in goldt, undt I vas shust doing a leedle calculating—dot's all!



GENTLE SLEEP.

RURAL WANDERER.—What time are de cows milked in de morning here?

FARMER'S WIFE.—At four o'clock.

RURAL WANDERER.—Please instruct de hired man to speak to dem in a whisper. Me and my pal's going ter bunk in yer hay-loft!

SHE HAD THE PREFERENCE.

FATHER (*angrily entering parlor at twelve-thirty*).—Look here, young man! Do you stay as late as this when you call on other girls?

JACK HUGGARD (*trembling with fear*).—N-n-n-no, sir!

FATHER (*appeased, as he leaves the room*).—That's all right, then! (Aside.) Thank Heaven! Mary has caught on at last!

BITTER CREEK NUPTIALS.

DIVINITY DAN (*who has mislaid his wedding ritual and is trying his best to remember the words*).—I hev before me Bad Jake of Bitter Creek an' Snapshot Sue, whom I intends to jine together in the holy bonds of mattemony. Ef any man present knows of any good reason why this here couple should n't marry—don't draw your gun, Jake!—let him—er—um—put up, er shet up; an' if he puts up, it's purty near a cinch that he'll forever hold his peace.

A RELIEF.

M. ROOTER (*as GRADY takes a long slide to second*).—He's safe! He's safe! He's safe!

MISS NEWTON (*her first game*).—Oh, I'm so glad. I was sure he must be killed.

SADLY NEGLECTED.

MRS. RILEY.—Thot Kerri gan bye hoz gone oop fer tin years fersand-baggin—an' on'y twenty-wan years old th' wake.

MRS. CASEY.—An' phwat cud yez expict, th' way that choild wuz neglected, Mrs. Riley? Whoi, he wuz near siveteen years old before his parents even sint him to a reform school!

RAGGED HAGGARD.—You had a mighty close call in dat lodgin'-house fire, did n't you?

SELDUM FED.—Bet yer neck! Dem firemen squirted water widin two feet o' me!



FUNERAL OF A MATINEE IDOL.
(As He Fondly Hopes it Will Be.)



THE SIMPLEST EVER.

SHADE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.—I'll tell you what to do with those Suffragettes, old man. Treat 'em the way I used to treat my women-folks.

IN LILAC TIME.

3 UST SUCH a day as this, perhaps,
Of mist and driving rain,
A hundred years ago they stood
By this old window pane:
Two lovers leaning here to gaze
Together at the rain.

Perhaps it was the lilac storm
As now. Look! Do you see
The lilac branches toss and wave
Their plumes on every tree?
Whom are they beckoning? Two ghosts
Unseen by you and me.

I think the fire blazed on the hearth
As now, right cheerily,
Yon portraits on the wall, then fresh,
Looked down benignantly;
And then, I think, she raised her eyes
To his quite suddenly.

Two lovers leaning here to look
Out of the self-same pane
Adown the broad old gravel walk,
Splashed with the drops of rain
That dripped from off the lilacs,
Or dashed against the pane.

And when they dropped, as suddenly,
Upon the window pane,
His heart began to beat so fast
He could not hear the rain,
Or see the purple lilacs brush
Against the window pane.

There, drop the curtain, dear! We have
No right to look again
At those old lovers leaning there
Forgetful of the rain.
Yet, see! Two names—and here's a date
Scratched on the window-pane.

Eva L. Ogden.

TWO GOOD REASONS.

TOURIST (in Kentucky).—I wonder why this shabby little hamlet is called Dell Delight?

COLONEL NOSEPAINT.—Because, in the fuhest place, it is in a dell; and, secondly, because we have fo' apple-jack distilluhries within a stone's-throw of each othuh, suh!

SERIOUS.

"DEAR ME!" exclaimed the fond father, anxiously. "Whatever can be the matter with the baby?—it isn't crying!"

We all believe in the division of labor; also we frequently feel like subtracting something from the quotient.

WANTED TO BE CERTAIN.

A SMALL LADY, carrying a hand-satchel and a "Guide-Book to the Metropolis," approached the tall policeman on the corner, and smiling affably, asked:

"Can you tell me the height of that building over there, please?"

"Six hundred and seventy-three feet and ten inches, from the sidewalk to the top of the tower."

"Thank you ever so much. And is it true that there are two hundred and thirty-six deaths in New York every twenty-four hours?"

"Can't say for sure, lady; would n't be surprised, though."

"Really! Is n't it dreadful! And can you tell me how many parks there are in the city?"

The tall policeman moved uncomfortably and gave the exact number with a deep sigh. The lady positively beamed on him as she asked:

"Is it really so that thirty years ago this spot was a cow-pasture 'where the lowing kine stood knee-deep in the shaded stream,' and the only building in sight was a church on that corner over there?"

The policeman looked longingly at his watch.

"That's what I've been told, but I dare say it's sort of exaggerated, you know, lady."

"Oh, do you think so? I hope you're mistaken; 'It's so sweet to think of these busy noisy streets once being peaceful green meadows, don't you think so? And to think that a rippling brook once intersected that corner, 'flowing between drooping willows and alders!' Do you think that is so?"

"Sure of it, lady."

"Really? Oh, I'm so glad! That is what the guide-book said, but I wanted to be perfectly certain of it. Thank you ever so much!"

And the small lady tripped joyfully away, while the large, tall policeman leaned against the corner and mopped his forehead vigorously.

INFRINGEMENT HIS PREROGATIVE.

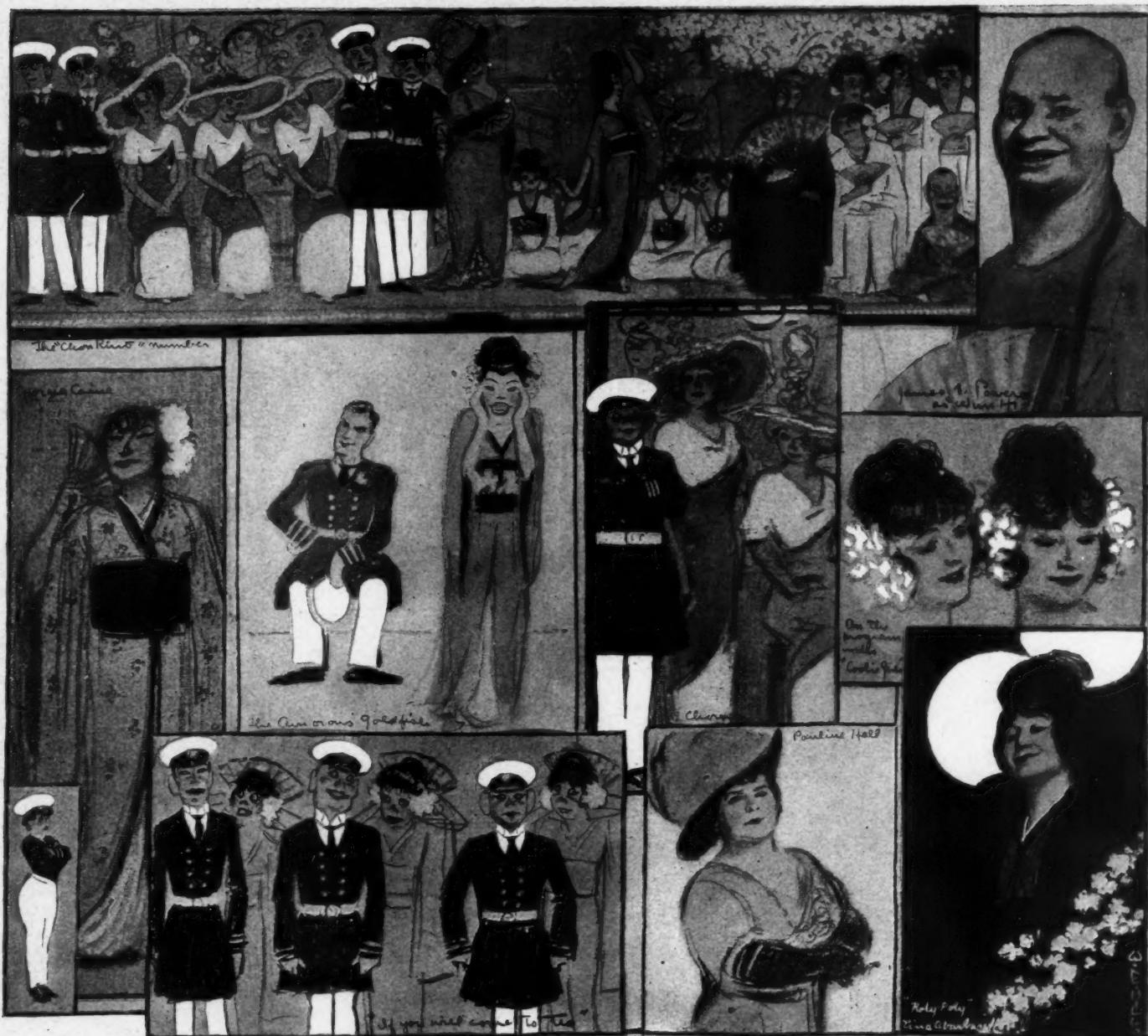
NEW PARSON (*Dead Gulch Tabernacle*).—I will now close the service with prayer.

DEACON.—Hold on, parson! It's all right—pray if yer want ter, but services ain't supposed ter close in dis town till Tough Tomkins shoots de lights out.



AND THEY SAY POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING!

HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



"The Geisha."

If you are fond of English musical comedy, and are not over-critical as to the way it is done, by all means go and hear the revival of "The Geisha" at Weber and Fields's Theatre. There is enough pretty music in this little opera to outfit at least three modern musical comedies, and even if some of the humor seems a bit ancient, and most of the foreign members of the "star cast" appear to know very little of what the lyrics are about, you will find "The Goldfish," "Chon Kino," and "A Geisha's Life" worth going miles to hear. James T. Powers, Pauline Hall, Frank Pollock, Edwin Stevens, and Georgia Caine are the real "stars" of the occasion. Certainly it takes a lot more than a good singing voice to put over a light opera of this sort, and it only goes to show that a grand opera

experience is seldom a help when it comes to the necessary lightness of touch and general acting ability necessary for English light opera. It is hardly fair to judge the other members of the cast. They are simply out of place. Georgia Caine would have been a splendid *Molly Seamore*, and Lina Abarbanell would have made a capital French *Geisha*, the role now played by Miss Caine.

The production is elaborate, and in addition there is a very attractive chorus. If "Japanese coolie girls" look anything like those in "The Geisha" we cannot understand why Japanese labor in this country should be frowned upon in California. "Come on over, girls; the more the merrier!" That's our feeling about it. W. E. Hill.

PROFESSIONAL SUPERSTITION.

ARE you superstitious, Barney?" asked Mr. Cassius Lines, the eminent tragedian, as he tried the experiment of stepping only on every other tie for a bit, "are you superstitious, Barney, about the number thirteen?"

"Well," answered Mr. Barney Stormer, in his rich low-comedy voice, after he had walked along in silence until two telegraph-poles had been passed, "I think I may admit, in the strict confidence of our friendship, that I am. Two seasons ago, Cassius, I went out to do leads in the Lottie Weekstand Rep. Co.

There were thirteen people in the party, including advance agent and treasurer. We opened on the thirteenth of the month in a town thirteen miles from Kalamazoo, and when we got off the cars there was just \$13.13, all told, in the entire troupe. When the curtain rose on the opening night there were just thirteen people in the audience, and we busted the next day—"

"Horrible! Horrible!"

"Wait!— Listen! I was arrested thirteen minutes past midnight while attempting, for the purpose of deciding a wager, the feat of climbing down the hotel fire-escape with two trunks; the judge gave me thirteen days in the county jail, and it was thirteen months before I ever saw dear old New York again. Ever

since then, in spite of all that I can do, I have been unable to cure myself of the superstition."

"The number was indeed a hoodoo," remarked Cassius Lines, in a sympathetic tone, as he stepped courteously from the track to allow the Fast Mail to pass.

GIVING HIM A LESSON.

MOTHER.—It shocks me awfully to think you took the penny. Remember, it is as much a sin to steal a penny as a dollar. Now, how do you feel, Willy?

WILLY.—Like a chump! There was a dollar right alongside the penny.

A flat-footed refusal is not well-bred; nothing betokens breeding better than an arched instep.

PUCK

HINTS FOR HOME-SEEKERS.

PEOPLE who have summer residences in the country could save a great deal of money by being born and brought up there. They would then become acquainted, in a natural and easy manner, with the ways and means of maintaining a country home, and not be obliged to buy their experience at the extreme cost of their immortal souls. The country is the right place for a man to live, summer and winter, if he wants to grow old gracefully and die successfully. If he was born there, he is brought up to the business, and he knows more about it than a Wall Street financier can ever learn, no matter how clever he may be in the management of dead stock. If, however, the city man who sallies forth into the country and purchases himself a rural nest had some kind friend to give him tips on the game, he would hug the brawny farmer very close in the race for an early grave. It is the intention of the writer, who has grown prematurely old in acquiring costly experience, to give away herewith a few hints for the benefit of those who may desire to go upon the amateur yokel stage. These hints are but trifles; but they will help to soothe and comfort your journey toward the tomb.

Never quarrel with your neighbors about repairing line fences. Let them do it their own way, and don't you interfere with them. Many a man has run up against a concealed hornets' nest while monkeying with a line fence.

Never do your own plowing. Hire a professional expert; and after he is fairly started in for his day's work, say about ten A.M., go out and sit on the fence and teach him the mathematical properties of parallel furrows. Let him see that, while he may have some skill as a practitioner, you are just seething with theory.

A very pretty lattice-work can be made out of a barn-door by presenting your little boy with an auger, and cautioning him not to use it anywhere around the barn. In the winter you can use the lattice-work for fire-wood. Your barn will have to be built over by winter time, and then you can have new doors put on it.

Don't buy a patent lawn-mower. They always get out of order when you leave them out in the rain for two or three days, and the knives get rusty from the dew. Instead of buying a lawn-mower, invest in a pair of goats. They will keep down the grass and weeds and hop-toads and clam-shells on your front lawn. Very few country people know this. It took a city man with an extensive acquaintance in Harlem to catch the idea.

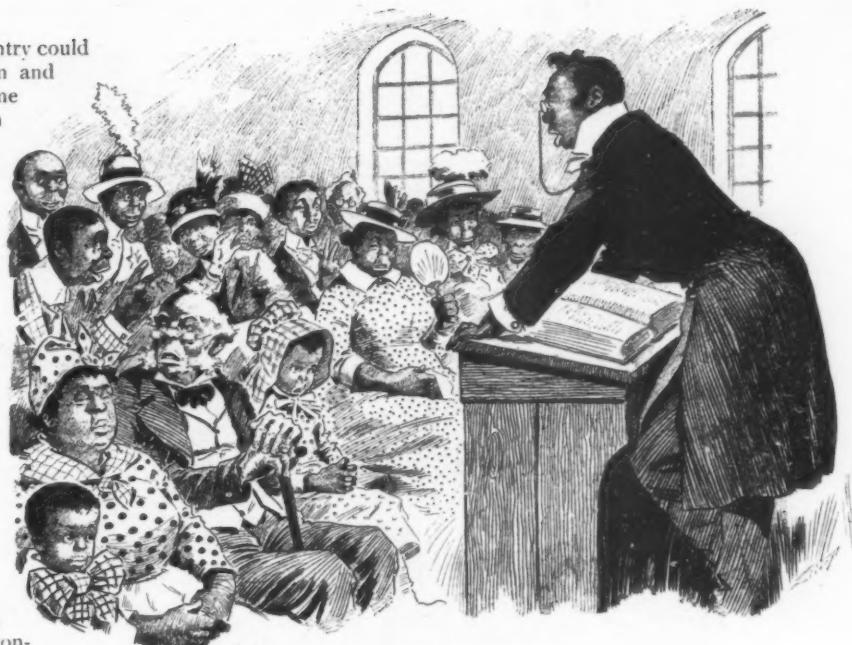
Never consent to get down on your hands and knees to pull up the weeds that will insist on growing among your wife's flowers. Hire a boy to hoe them. Ten to one he'll hoe down all the flowers, and then you'll have no further trouble with them. You may have trouble with your wife; but I'm-telling you how to run a country place, not a wife.

Don't undertake to raise French peas in New Jersey. You cannot get milk out of a stone, nor soda lemonade out of a sandbar. Just you raise the ordinary old New Jersey peas. They're better than the French peas if you only knew it.

You can always tell the difference between sweet corn and horse corn. The former is the kind which you plant yourself—that is, through the medium of your hired man—and the latter is the kind your farmer neighbors want to sell you for your table. They do not do this because they take you for a horse; but because they take you for an animal which looks something



VEGETABLE SUPE.



SO ORDERED.

PARSON JOHNSON.—Deacon Hayrake has jes' prayed fo' rain; dose in favor ob de Lord granting his prayer, say "Aye"—contrary-minded, "No." De Sunday-school picnickers hab it!

like a horse, with amendments to his ears. If you want to get milk at a low figure, keep a cow. Have the milk which you obtain through her kindly services well watered, and sell it to a milkman. With the proceeds purchase pure milk from the nearest farmer. But get up early and see him milk the cow, or you will be hoodooed.

You may lose a great deal of natural sleep this way, but it is the only method of getting good milk. If you don't wan't to do this, you should learn to take your milk thin.

Be sure you keep a dog to frighten away burglars and tramps. Of course the dog will run all over your veranda with his muddy feet, and will give you many marks of his affection when he leaps upon you in joyful greeting. He will also tear up your lawns in the mad search for the fierce ground-mole, and he will make life pretty lively for the cat and the chickens. And when it is such a bright moonlight night that no tramp would dare to venture near your place, the faithful watch-dog will howl all night; but when it is so dark that forty burglars might be sitting on your front steps without you knowing it, the dog will go away to visit his friends and relatives, and stay away for two or three days. But, for all that, you must keep a dog; because no man can be respected in the country who is without one of the animals.

By attending to these hints you will escape many of the troubles which lie in wait for the unwary city man venturing into the open country for the first time. But only time, training, experience, a hard heart, and a double-barreled shot-gun will enable you to get the best of the native farmer.

READY THRIFT.

KIRBY STONE.—I hate to mention it, dear, but I must tell you that business has been awfully poor lately. If you could economize a little in dresses—wear something plainer.

MRS. STONE.—Certainly, dear. I shall order some plainer dresses tomorrow.

THERE'S many a true word spoken behind our backs.



INTAXICATED.

WIFE.—I think that chauffeur was under the influence of liquor!
HUSBAND.—I know he was. He gave me back the right change!



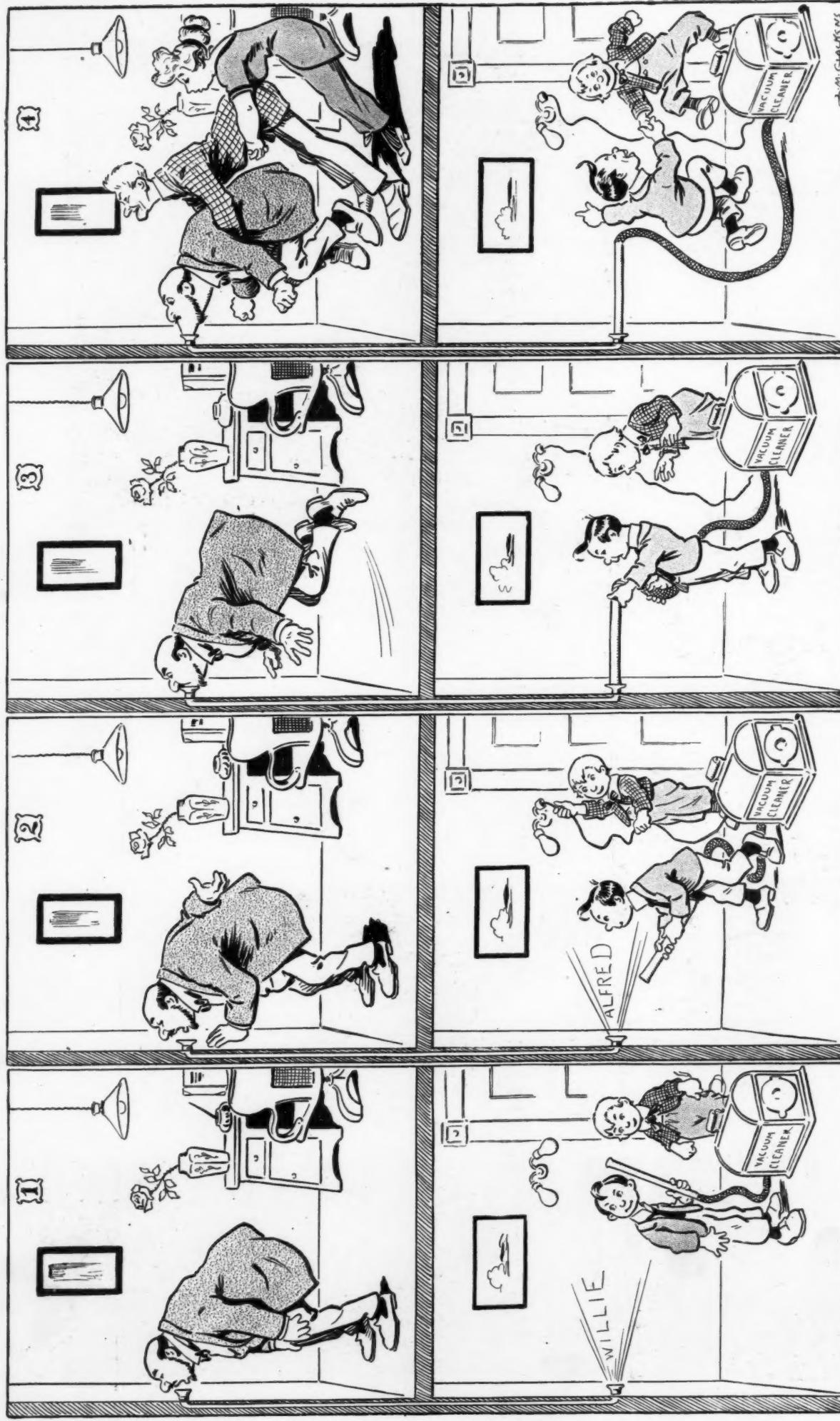
THE PUCK PUBLISHING CO.

NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO.

The Leonidas of the Balkans.

PUCK





CAUGHT IN A SPEAKING-TUBE; OR, THE BOYS, THE BOSS, AND THE SUCTION CLEANER.

A CAREFUL FATHER.

CUSTOMER.—Give me two packages of cigarettes, please.
DEALER (wishing to offer inducements).—This is the best brand. In each package you will find one of those very spicy photographs——
CUSTOMER (horified).—Heavens, man! Give me some other kind. These are for my daughter!

AN EXPLANATION.

SCHOOLMAM.—Now, I want all the children to look at Tommy's hands and observe how clean they are, and see if all of you cannot come to school with cleaner hands. Tommy, perhaps, will tell us how he keeps them so nice.
TOMMY.—Yes 'm. Ma makes me wash the breakfast dishes every morning.

A FACTOR IN THE CALCULATION.

POLITICIAN (arranging for music at political meeting).—Is n't that a big price? You may not have to play half-a-dozen times during the whole evening.
BRASS-BAND LEADER.—That's all very well. But, my dear sir, you must always remember we have to sit there and listen to the speeches.

A FINE DAY'S FISHING.



THE angler dreams he's catching pickerel
As fast as he can yank
The pole, and that they're flopping 'round pell-mell
Upon the breezy bank.

He sees the perch with shining silver scales
Disporting on the sod;
He sees great sunfish wag their slimy tails
While dangling from the rod.

He fondly thinks of many a pleasant dish,
And wakes with smiles elate,
To ascertain that not a single fish
Has nibbled at his bait.

But, all the same, in spirit he is glad,
For, by that tranquil lake,
A finer day's sport he's really had
Than if he'd been awake!

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.



'VE got to answer Jennie's letter, and I have n't the slightest idea what to say!" exclaimed Bessie Norris, as she leaned her elbows on the lid of her secretary and tried to think whether she had any thoughts to collect.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Kitty Winslow, briskly; "it's awfully easy to answer a letter. Give me her latest effusion and I'll show you how it's done. Let me see what she says;—um—yes—all right. I'll write this out for you and you can copy it."

DEAR JENNIE:—

Of course, you must be happy! Seated on the sweet Moorish balcony, overlooking such a lovely stretch of country, with Edith lying in the hammock swung in front of your rocker, and two of the men lounging against the railing and smoking. How can you deceive those poor fellows so? Naturally they would be furious if they thought you were writing to a man.

You must have been greatly surprised to find Fred Travis and Will Meadowbrooke and Clifford Noyes there, when you did n't think there was going to be a man in the house. But that is just your luck. If you went to the North Pole, my dear, the inevitable man would turn up as soon as you had unpacked your trunks and shaken the wrinkles out of your best gowns.

So you went out for a moonlight drive with Will? No wonder you got in awfully late! I guess the horse was the only one of the trio that really wanted to go home. I had to smile at the idea of Mrs. Wyckoff refusing to be shocked because she knew you were safe with Will; he is such a good young man!

So he is; but "Not too good For human nature's daily food." As you probably found out!

I quite envy you the Van Nostrands' dance. It will surely be a swell affair; especially as so many nice people are coming up from New York for it. You must write and tell me all about it.

It is very stupid here now; but

THE POLICE-DOG DEVELOPS A SENSE OF HUMOR.



"I wonder what he's laughing at?"



"He's got something up his sleeve!"

PROBABLY.

SALLY GAY.—I have just been reading that a well-known scientist predicts that man will presently reach a condition where he will be toothless and hairless and walk on all-fours.

JACK SWIFT.—And will woman continue to pursue what is left of him with the same avidity as of yore?

LITTLE MINNIE.—Oh, Mama, what's that dreadful noise?

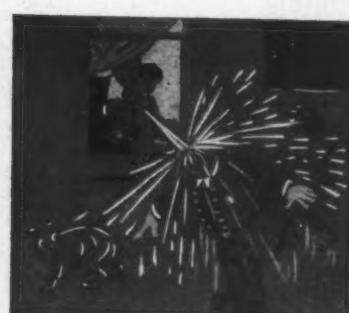
MAMA.—Hush, darling, Papa's trying to save the price of a shave.



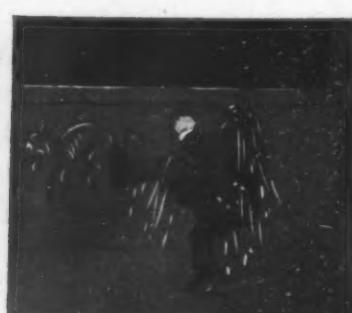
"Hully Gee! A kissing bee!"



"Ho! Ho! Ho!"



"Oh, splash! Quit that!"



"Just for that I'll kick you all the way to the station-house!"

I am going to Lenox next week. Give my love to Edith and the rest of the girls, and tell them I wish I were there too. Yours devotedly,

BESSIE.

THAT'S ALL.

CRITICAL VISITOR.—I don't see why they make such a fuss over a zebra. It's nothing but a jackass with stripes.

"There!" said Kitty. "You see how easy it is. I have filled nearly two sheets of paper."

"How funny!" exclaimed Bessie. "It reads all right, and yet you have only repeated her own letter right back to her, and I don't have to tell her a blessed new thing!"

"Yes," replied Kitty, "that's the proper way to answer a letter, and save your brains for more important purposes. And really, you know, I believe people are flattered to receive that kind of an answer."

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HUBBY'S PREFERENCE.

"Let us go into this department store until the shower is over."

"I prefer this harness shop," said her husband. "You won't see so many things you want." — *Courier-Journal*.

"WHAT I admire about Briggs is the fact that he says what he thinks."

"Which probably accounts for another one of Briggs's traits that I admire very much."

"And what is that?"

"His silence." — *Age-Herald*.

WAR VICTIM.

"Ma'am, can you do somethin' for a sufferer from the war in the Balkans?"

"In what manner did you suffer?"

"I was a proofreader on a daily paper." — *Houston Post*.

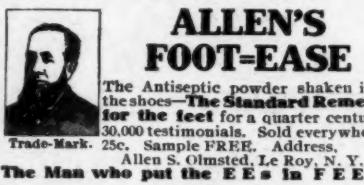
SOME TEMPEST.

HECK.—What was the worst storm you ever encountered?

PECK.—I think it raged at the rate of two hundred words a minute. — *Boston Transcript*.

NO FACILITIES.

"They say that Cupid strikes the match that sets the world aglow. But where does Cupid strike the match? — that's what I'd like to know." — *Cornell Widow*.



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FATHER.—Young Dobson has asked me for your hand, and I have consented.

DAUGHTER.—You dear old dad!

FATHER.—So never mind going to the dentist's to-morrow about that crown work. Wait until you are married. — *Kansas City Star*.

THOSE MODERN GIRLS.

FIRST GIRL (lunching with friend). — I know he's rich, but is n't he too old to be considered eligible?

SECOND GIRL. — My dear, he's far too eligible to be considered old. — *Washington Star*.

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"GO IF YOU LIKE," ANNOUNCED THE SHREW.
HER HUSBAND HIT THE TRAIL.
BUT ERRE A HUNDRED YARDS HE FLEW,
SHE GAVE A PIERCING WAIL;
AND AFTER HIM ON CAPTURE SET
FLEW MADLY UP THE TRACK:
"COME BACK, YOU BEAST! WHO
WILL I GET
TO DO ME UP THE BACK?"



— *Sydney Bulletin*.

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TOO SLOW FOR HIM.

A German farmer was in search of a driving horse. "I've got just the horse for you," said the liveryman. "He's five years old, sound as a dollar, and goes ten miles without stopping."

The German threw his hands skyward.

"Not for me," he said, "not for me. I live eight miles from town, and mit dot horse I haf to walk back two miles." — *National Monthly*.

REFUTED.

"There's always room at the top," said the Sphinx.

"Take a look at us and guess again," replied the Pyramids. — *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

FATHER (visiting at college). — My son, these are better cigars than I can afford.

SON. — That's all right, father. Take all you want. This is on me. — *Yale Record*.

STELLA. — No man is really indispensable, you know.

BELLA. — But some man is. — *The Sun*.

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He knew so much of women's ways!
We listened to him in amaze,
For he could talk for days and days
Of woman—well he knew her!
But, though we see him every day,
Now not a single word he'll say;
He's lost his old bold, boastful way—
You see, he's married to her!
—Lippincott's.

MRS. BROWN.—Is this hotel on the European plan?

MR. BROWN (*in preoccupied tones from behind his paper*).—Yes, my dear.

MRS. B.—I'm not feeling hungry this morning. I think I'll merely take some coffee and rolls.

MR. B. (*laying aside paper*).—What were you asking me, my dear? On the European plan? No, it is not.

MRS. B. (*to waiter*).—You may bring me an omelet, some shad, mutton chops with a bit of bacon, baked potatoes, rolls, and coffee, and afterward some griddle-cakes and syrup.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"We had to let that servant go."

"What was the matter? Would n't she work?"

"Oh, she did the work all right, but she could n't get along with the children."

"That so?"

"Yes. She'd lose her temper every time one of them kicked her on the shins."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"DARLING," he murmured, as soon as they had been seated in the high-priced restaurant, "you can have anything you want on the bill-of-fare. Shall I read it off to you?"

"No," replied the dear girl, "just read it to the waiter."—*Milwaukee Daily News*.

KNICKER.—Did you turn the picture to the wall?

BOCKER.—It was a cubist affair, so we turned the wall to the picture.—*The Sun*.

HE.—Are you superstitious about the number thirteen?

SHE.—I'm not a bit superstitious; only I don't like it because I think it brings bad luck.—*Answers*.

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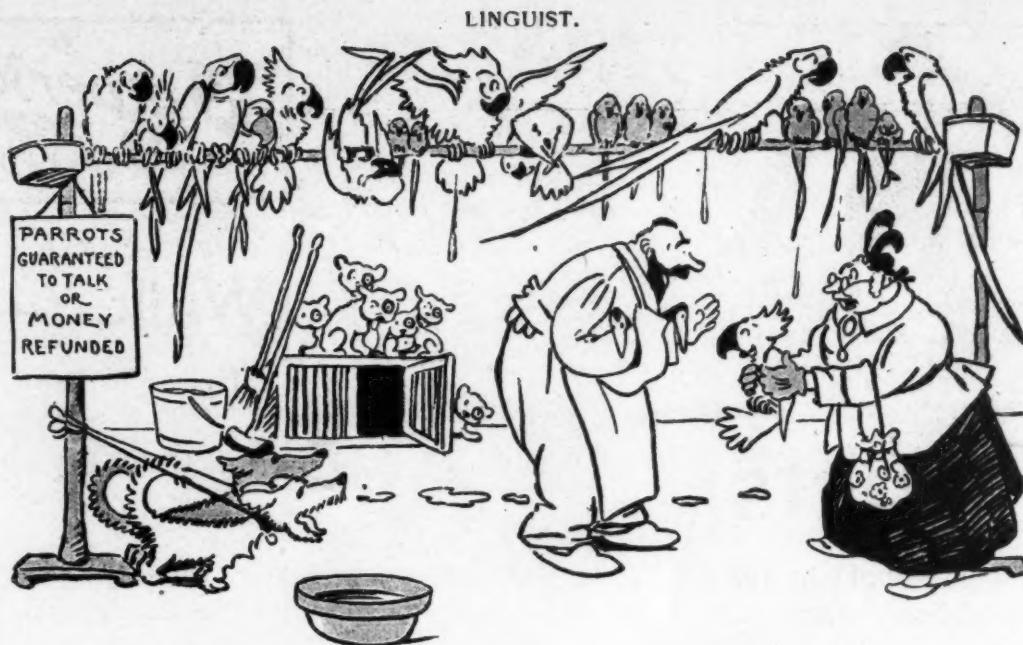
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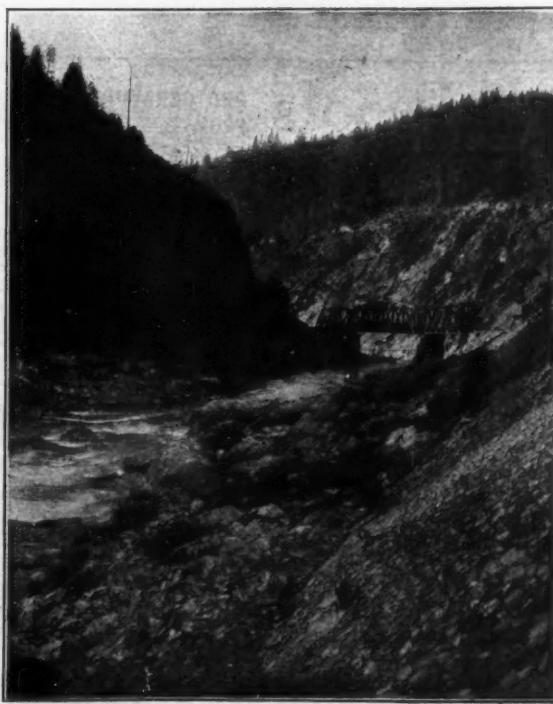
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MISS INNOCENCE.
MISS ARTLESS.—I just despise that man!
HER MAMMA.—Indeed? Why, you just parted with him so sweetly.
MISS A.—I know it. I had to. That makes me all the madder.
HER MAMMA.—What in the world has he done?
MISS A.—Well, I was saying how dreadfully fast those Hoopemup girls are, and how I dislike that kind of thing, you know—
HER MAMMA.—Well, that was just the thing to say.
MISS A.—And he looked off at the sea and said it had been his impression that I and the Hoopemup girls would beat two pair!
HER MAMMA.—The wretch! Why did n't you resent it instantly?
MISS A.—I did. I told him I didn't know one card from another.—*Yale Record*.

"THERE ain't no ham in this here sandwich," a man growled, seated on a high stool before the marble bar of an old-fashioned railway restaurant.
"Oh, you ain't come to the ham yet," the attendant answered easily.
The man ate on. Then he growled again: "There ain't no ham yet."
"Oh," said the attendant, "you've bit over it now."—*Exchange*.

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DEAREST DEAR.

"Oh, tell me, dearest," whispered she, "Without me what would living be?" And, looking up with troubled eye, "Cheaper," he faintly made reply.

—*Town Topics.*

AMERICAN VIEW.

"So you don't approve of those London Suffragettes?"

"I don't know much about them," replied Miss Cayenne, "but I certainly feel that a woman who can't subdue a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure." —*Washington Star*

VISITOR.—My husband considered very long before he proposed to me. He was very careful.

HOSTESS.—Ah, it is always those careful people who get taken in! —*London Opinion.*

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VOICE FROM CROWD.—What you want is chloroform!—*Punch*.

"WHAT kind of an automobile have you?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Chuggins wearily. "Think the worst possible, and let it go at that." —*Washington Star*.

WHEN NELLIE DRESSES.

When Nellie goes upstairs to dress
I take a magazine,
And read about the wonders of
Some far-off foreign scene;
An article on men who graft,
The Wall Street system, too;
Also the editor's remarks
On what next month he'll do.

I light my pipe and puff away
The while the page I scan,
And read Robert Chambers tale
About some love-sick man.
A muck-rake expert leads me through
A bale of torrid stuff
Explaining how a lot of men
Got rich upon a bluff.

I read the advertisements next,
Of collars, kodaks, cars,
Of breakfast-foods and underwear,
Tobacco and cigars.
A liberal education I
Obtain, I must confess,
The evening we are going out
And Nellie starts to dress.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

CALM BEFORE STORM.

"Why this hush, this elaborate tip-toeing about?"

"S-sh! Mother is getting ready to ask father for a little extra money." —*Pittsburgh Post.*

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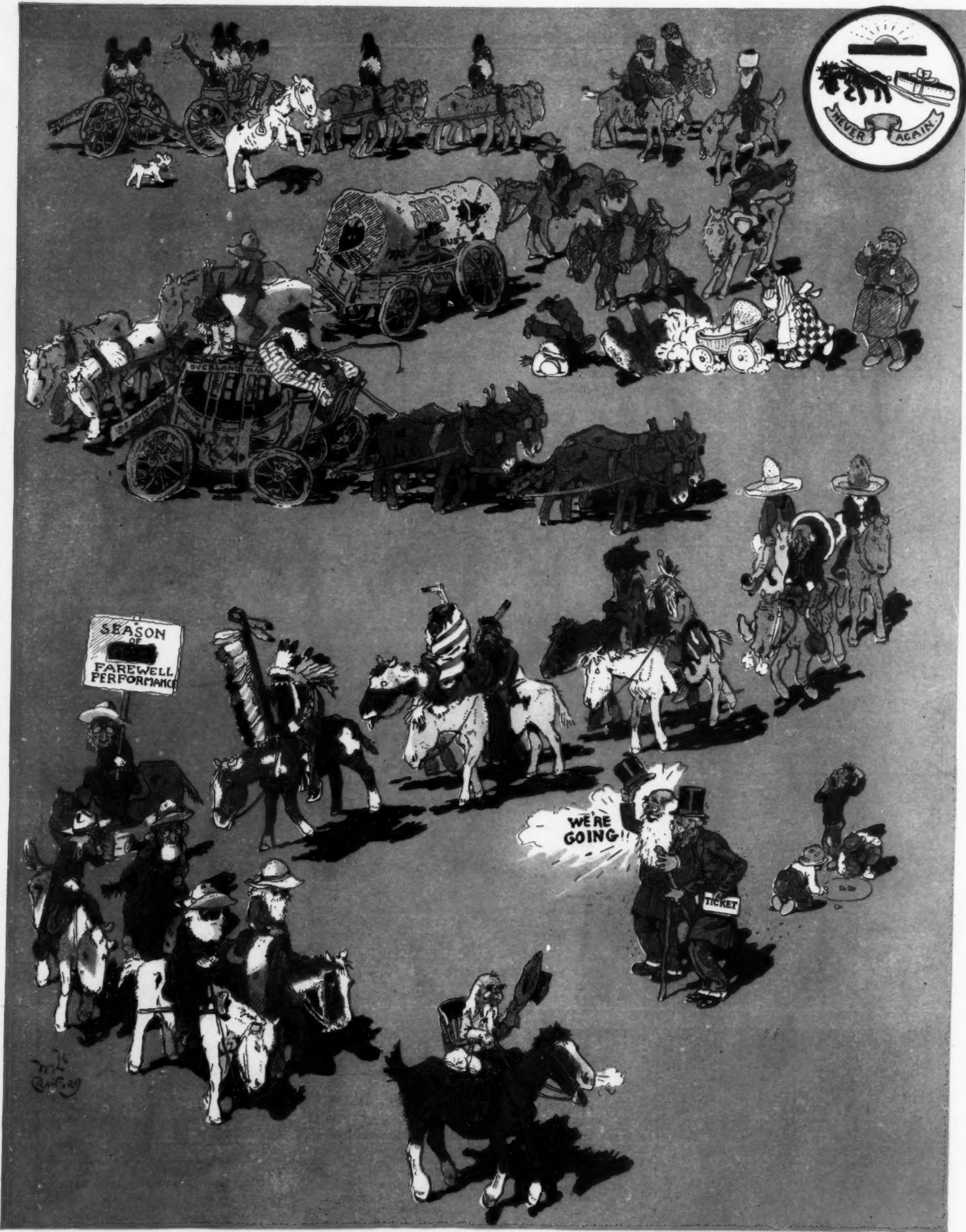
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